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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

A TONGUE TO LET:

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO JUSTIFY GUILT FOR GAIN.

A TONGUE TO LET! Who comes, who comes?
To hire this loud and restless thing?
You call for company, Sir, and music?
Whom wine's foil storm is gathering?
Sir, here's an old cramper, dame, or wife,
Sermon or bag-pipe, ever yet
Aroll like this in company of vice?
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

Are these the man of practised guile,
Whom moral traders name a hero?
Is all that they deem great and wise
In this vain palaverer but evil worn?
Is shame a load of guilt untold?
Are heart and conscience black as pot?
Fear not, if there last goods or gold.
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

Hear these weakhold a brother's right,
And stained they hand with not or blood?
Pillaged and fired a home by night,
Or spoiled young virtue's bloom and bud?
Those noble words than shall not rue,
If there cannot rich or crimson dye
We still may swear or buy them through!
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

What though some stubborn witness rise,
A man of rude and rustic ways,
Some casuist, strange foul that never lies,
But ponies of justice kassels and prays?
Should his plain statement threaten woe,
There shall not dread the verdict not,
We've still a word and we how no
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

If judge and jury both condemn,
Censuring thy freedom of the blood,
No host shall smack thy garment's hem
If thou hasts leaping power or brain.
Storm Gutenburn grow bland or kind
When wine before their eyes are set
As then, sent forth from gold—that find
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

For shall not be the shame
When rescued from despotic laws,
That shall the slaver their spirits,
And win the people's warm applause.
Then then shall lawyers, priests, declaim,
Because the ladies' pride and fame
Shall turn to mere peg deeds of shame,
And have but half a tongue to let.

Yet this cold store or crime,
Abroad lets men your acts discover,
Shall feel some power your deeds to shame,
And set to talk such matters over.
Strong Right, your knock must open wide,
Lest we your lawless deeds abet
From knowledge excluded be.
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

And mark, what we with joy confess,
That, since to God's a wisdom true,
The tongue has learned, as we possess,
To speak of truth and virtue truth
If that have weakness once appear
In one who loves the right,
He must not hope to shield it here
A TONGUE TO LET!—A TONGUE TO LET!

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "VIDA," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "HERBERT LORRAINE IN PERU," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.

The village of the Wapecoolahs was very romantically situated on a level strip of open land, which at this point ran down from the hill from that of the other, by a distance of more than a hundred yards. In fact it appeared rather singular, the level, that the level, open piece of ground—the very bottom of the valley, and which was a length of nearly a mile, and from three miles in length—should be entirely free from stones, and scrags, and covered with a smooth, thick growth of grass, while all around it other was, or had very recently been, a heaving wilderness, much hard to be travelled by a horse-man. It could not be the work of the present people, for every thing else bespoke that the Wapecoolahs had been located here but a very short time. No, it was either one of nature's singular freaks, or the work of some race of extinct mounds." This interesting subject we will not stop to enquire into, for experience has not yet transporting foundations with entire success; but will only say, that we should not be found wanting in the discovery.—*Belle Savage.*

CLARA.—The original name of this lady was Clarinda, but she has since changed it to Clara, as being more classical that consonants the name, and transformed it into Clara, for the same reasons." This interesting young lady is the only child of her parents, and was born in the city of New York. And I was further led in this latter conclusion, from perceiving, at a subsequent period, a sharp, cynical sneer, on the part of the village-doctor, who, like the fat, with a thick, smooth green-sward—reminding me of the description I had seen of similar ancient relics in some of the Western States.

The bank of our captors were constructed of sticks, bark, earth, and skins; and were arranged in a semi-circular form—the central section being the largest, and the two wings gradually decreasing in size. The whole was some long and craggy a thousand feet above the village; and the latter was extending across the valley, to the stream before mentioned, which was purling along at the foot of the eminence on which the village stood. In this geometrical arrangement, a fine area was formed, which was common property—upon which all the lands bordered. Here fires were built, to the open air, for cooking or other purposes, the lads being accustomed to eat together—the food, still, was often placed in harmony, and the elders met in social intercourse.

Near the centre of this area was the lodge of the chief, differing from the others only in size and position; and just in the rear of this was the circular building, of still larger dimensions, with a single entrance to it, through the south centre, not unlike a cotton tent. This was the Council House of the tribe, where the chief and warriors met to hold their councils, and decide any matter of general interest.

In the immediate rear of the lodge, taken as a whole, there was a certain air of savage refinement, which I had not expected to find—and I was, in consequence, agreeably disappointed.

As we rode down the hill, the whole village poured out to inhabitants upon the occasion—women, children, and old men—the warriors and veterans—and stimulated by curiosity, all crowded down to the open space to get a clear view of us. There might have been, taken collectively, an hundred and fifty souls—mostly women and other offspring—for the males body of the warriors were away on a daring expedition, as the reader already knows.

At first, when I saw them assembling in such a formidable manner, I had some apprehension that we might be greeted with rather rough treatment; but as we crossed the creek, they fell back respectfully—neither offering us the slightest insult, nor seeking to annoy us.

The women of the village—the Londowona, or Squaw-wives—were habited in skins; but, like the Squaw-workers, with some regard to decency—the parts exposed being their arms, necks, feet and ankles. Their dress, however, was not calculated to display their figures to any artistic advantage—it being merely a straight piece, of prepared flannel, secured on the sides, with shoulder straps, and covering the person to the extent mentioned. All were constructed much alike—though some few, with more taste than the others, were wampum belts around their waists. Some, too, had some ornaments in their ears; and more than one dangled a heavy ring from her nose; but this, in my opinion, did not improve their looks in the slightest degree. Taken collectively, they were not decidedly an ill-looking set of females; and a few of the younger were tolerably passable; though their low foreheads, and broad, flat, animal-faces, set a real upon any thing like a near approach to beauty.

I must, however, make an exception in favor of one—though, from the first, I could not bring myself to believe that she was a full-blooded daughter of the Indian race. This was a girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, who, on our approach, stood apart from the others, with some half-a-dozen warriors drawn up in a line behind her, among whom I instantly recognized the three of our escort who had ridden into the village in advance of us. I was struck at the same time with her personal appearance and the marked deference with which she was treated by young and old, and was restraining to approach her beyond a certain limit. As to who she was, I of course knew nothing—but that she was a personage of consequence, was easily to be seen.

And what struck me as the most singular was, that so much respect should be shown to one of her sex—for, as a general thing, the savage esteems the female as but inferior to the male, and deems her totally unworthy to have a voice in the councils of the nation. And besides, I had seen the chief himself, and seen his warriors approach him with a familiarity that more displayed toward this mysterious female—so that, unless she were greater in the tribe than Kenneleo, which it was unreasonable to suppose, I knew not how to account for this general deference.

I have said that her age was apparently about eighteen, and that her appearance was so different from the others, as to lead, at first, to the glance, to the conclusion, that she was not one of their race—or, at all events, that her blood was not purely Indian; for she was delicately constructed, and tall, with a dark complexion, and black eyes and hair, with a slight countenance between her and others of the Wapecoolahs ceased. Her face, instead of being broad, flat, and round, was rather oval, with the regular outline of the American or European. Her nose, too, of a beautiful Grecian shape; and her chin was well rounded, giving her a straight and handsome profile.

Nor was it alone in the shape of the features that she differed materially from all the others. In her mouth, likewise, while no expression of the left, intelligent expression of her countenance, and more in the bright contrast to those of the night. There was an air of superiority and command in her every look and gesture; and her dark, brilliant, piercing eyes, had a look and sparkle with the intellectual fires of no ordinary mind; and displayed, too, that it was of a kind of nature that neither is governed by mind—and the more animal must ever yield to intellectual superiority.

The dress of this singular being was not unlike that of the other females, in shape and extent—though rendered of a more showy appearance, by being covered with down-colored beads, scarlet, and various crude imitations of birds, and flowers. Besides, as a further distinction, she wore leggins and moccasins of scarlet; and her long black hair was swept back from her forehead, and fell in ringlets, profusely over her shoulders.

All these things I noticed at a glance, while, at a slow pace, I had an opportunity to observe the peculiarities which I have attempted to describe. In the mean time, I was still on horseback, in an attitude of graceful dignity, calculated to display my person to the best advantage—a fact which I was further led to from observing that my horse was prancing, and curveting with a spirited, though graceful motion, as if conscious of his own excellence.

Her black eyes at once fixed upon mine with an intense, searching expression, as if she would look me through and through; and under the influence of this look, I involuntarily reined my horse up straight to the Council House, at the door of which she soon stopped, and made a sign to me to do likewise. He then motioned me to dismount, and signified that we must enter; which we did through the low, square door-way.

The interior was arranged about after the manner of Clara—while I, though innocent, was even more perhaps, being denounced as a beautiful specimen of the white race. Such was the paths of rectitude and honor; and this reflection, at the moment, I keenly felt, inasmuch as I did not reputation more than my life. That my rival would everywhere proclaim me as a base, unprincipled, and perhaps cowardly villain, I felt to be certain; and I fairly groaned in spirit, as I thought of the unmerciful light in which he would not even be there to appeal.

Thus my thoughts reverted to Clara. Poor girl! what might be her fate? Should I be doomed to a miserable life of captivity, toil and drudgery—wedded, it might be, after the fashion of her race, to one of the brutish captors. But no! not this idea was too horrible—I could not bear to think of it. Death in any shape were a thousand times preferable to such a doom. I felt Clara would rather die than live to be the victim of the worst, would rather end her life in self-defence—go unpolluted into the presence of her Maker—than suffer so degrading a degradation!

Dear Clara! how her sweet, sad image dwelt in my mind! and how her last words still rang in my ear, mournfully, like a knell for one destined to early death! Would we ever look upon each other's faces again? Was there no room on earth? God forbid! for there, even with life and liberty, I should be but very miserable.

But who was she that had separated us? that strange, mysterious, beautiful, and childish—for such she appeared with such fluent ease and lofty dignity? Was she a native of the tribe, how had she acquired such a command of our language? and if of another race, how had she attained to such power over the barbarous Wapecoolahs?

Strange being! would she have a voice in the council which must decide our fate? and if so, would she lean to the side of mercy, or give her influence for the harshest doom? Wonderful being! I had not been able to read her; and knew not if her heart were of adamant, or susceptible to the tender touches of pity.

While occupied with these reflections and speculations, I had lightly touched my shoulder. I looked up, and Dundenah again stood before me.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEOPHILUS THUNDERBOLT.

The gentleman whose portrait we have given to-day is no cookee, the ideal representative of a class, more than a real individual. He is intended to illustrate the appearance of a prominent leader—perhaps the President—of an Indignation Meeting. Such meetings have been very frequent—they are the only resolves of Great Britain and the United States—and answer the same purpose of letting off the steam of the combustibility, as the speech-making of the Mexicans, and the "glorious revolutions" of the Parisians. In case anything happens to either our Democratic or Whig Administration to excite the ire of the multitude, Theophilus Thunderbolt and his friends immediately call an Indignation Meeting—being the largest and most imposing capitals, plentifully interspersed with tons of inquiry and exclamation. The meeting is crowded with what the next morning's papers call "an immense and enthusiastic assemblage"—the hottest kind of vapor is let forth in speeches, theses, grouns, &c., and their Theophilus Thunderbolt and his friends go home to their suppers, and to bed, perfectly wondering what the Spanish or British Minister will say when he sees the proceedings of that meeting—and get up the next day as "calm as a summer's morning" and "as cool as a cucumber." Blessed be the man who first invented the Indignation Meeting—we doubt whether, without such a safety valve, a Republic were possible. The Theophilus Thunderbolts, therefore, are very useful members of society.

CHAPTER X.

TRYING SCENES.

For a few moments the black, piercing eyes of the Long-Eye Fawn remained fixed upon me with a penetrating intensity—but then they turned, and she inquired—

"Is the home of the Dark-Eye far away?"

"Far, very far, toward the rising sun," I replied.

"Within the dominions of him they call the Great White Father of the States?"

"It is."

"Lives the Blue-Eye near the home of the Dark-Eye?"

"Scarcely nearer than that of the Leaping Fawn."

"How comes it then that both are here, the captives of the Apecoolahs?"

I explained to her how we were riding out to visit a sick friend, and how we lost our way, and were taken prisoners at the fork of the Hermit.

"That was Langee," she rejoined—"I learned much from those that brought you here."

"You know him then?"

"I have seen him, and one other, that taught Dundenah to speak the language of the Dark-Eye."

"And pray who is that mysterious being?" I inquired.

"He was him only as Langee, which in our language signifies The Learned, or Man of Knowledge. He first came among the Wapecoolahs many years ago, and taught. He professed to worship Wanderah, the Great Spirit—but his actions were not in accordance with the principles he proclaimed. After living with the Wapecoolahs for years, he went to a neighboring tribe, where, on account of his conduct, he was scated, tried, and condemned to death. He escaped by stratagem, and fled—but his retreat has been discovered, and he is now a prisoner."

"And is he to be pounded by the Wapecoolahs for an offence against another nation?" I inquired.

Dundenah can answer after his trial," she replied. And then fixing her black eyes steadily upon me, she continued—"Langee is—Dare the Dark-Eye price liberty?"

"What do you mean by liberty, Dundenah?" I said: "what is life without it?"

"Would the Dark-Eye go, and leave the Blue-Eye in bondage?"

"No, Dundenah—no!" I replied, quickly.

"Say it then, Dark-Eye—is she safe and well?"

"And if not?"

"If not," I cried I, forgetting where I was, and springing to my feet with an energy that caused my companion to take two or three steps backward.

"Well, and if not?" she repeated, drawing herself up proudly, and motioning the Indian near the door to approach.

"I shall grieve in silence," I replied, sufficiently calm, however, to remember where I was. "I shall forgotten I was a prisoner, unable to relieve the distress and trouble that might be brought upon me, or my companion in captivity," I added, in a tone of some bitterness.

Dundenah looked at me sternly for a few moments; and then turning abruptly away, went to the door, where she conversed with the Indian chief for the last time.

I saw no more of Dundenah that day; and this gave me no little uneasiness; for if I had offended her, it would doubtless be the worse for me. Besides, I felt that I could not offend her, I thought more than probable from her abrupt manner of leaving me.

As night set in, solitude, a slowly guarded prisoner, among savages, with a terrible uncertainty hanging over me and Clara's fate, by day, as may naturally be supposed, dragged wearily to a close. At sunset my guard was changed, some food and water were given me, and then my limbs were tightly bound, and in this condition I was left to pass the night.

And a horrible night it was to me: for I could not sleep; and thought was busy conjuring up a thousand frightful fancies. At break of day, however, gently to my relief, I was freed of my cords, when, throwing myself upon the ground, I managed, in spite of circumstance, to lose myself for a couple of hours.

Somewhere about midday, Dundenah again made her appearance, but to my eager questions concerning Clara, she returned me no answer. In fact, she seemed resolved to hold no further conversation with me; for after my waking and down the Council House a few times—occasionally stopping to talk with the grand sachem—and fixing her black eyes upon me, with a cold, penetrating expression—she waved her hand with a haughty air, and I was led away to my cell, which was much as the one previously described, and was left to myself as before, though I managed to get some sleep.

In short, a week passed away in this dull, monotonous manner: and at last I gave up as dead to me, and all hope of my liberation. During this time, Dundenah visited me but twice—and then but for a few minutes, and after no word; and I could learn nothing as to the fate of Clara.

On the eighth day of my imprisonment, Dundenah came to visit me earlier than usual. She entered with a quick step, and as she advanced straight to where I was seated, I saw by her manner, and the expression of her face, that something unusual had occurred, or was about to happen.

Kenneleo, the great chief of the Wapecoolahs, has returned from the war-path," she said, in a quick, excited tone. "He has not met with the success he expected, and has to mourn the loss of many a gallant brave. As a consequence, he brings a clouded brow and an angry heart. Let the Dark-Eye beware of his wrath, when he speaks to the great chief through the lips of Langee! Let him say nothing to stir up the heart of Kenneleo to revenge, or the life of the Dark-Eye may not last the light of another sun of Wandenah. He speaks Dundenah, who would not see the earth drink the blood of the Dark-Eye!"

"But the Blue-Eye, Dundenah—what of her?"

At this moment, a long, loud, successful wail, of many voices, came borne to our ears.

"Hark!" cried Dundenah, starting the doubtful bravery of the Wapecoolahs—already their mourning made known. "Let the Dark-Eye remember the caution of Dundenah!"

Saying this, she turned, darted away, and disappeared from my view through the doorway of the Council House.

Scarcely had she gone, when I heard various loud, shrill, and angry voices, and the tramp of a body of horse. My guard still maintained his position at the door—but his whole attention was now fixed on what was taking place without. A few minutes after, he stepped out, and I could hear him, with an air of respect, accosted by Langee, or the Hermit, entered the Council House.

There was a dark frown on the brow of the chief, a compression of the lips, and a fierceness in the glance of his black eyes, as he abruptly turned to me, that I fancied boded me no good. He came close up to me, glared upon me sternly for a few seconds, and then grasped my arm so roughly, that I could scarcely refrain uttering a cry of pain. I felt my blood boil at this indignity; and but for the warning words of Dundenah, I believe I should have resented it by a blow. Perhaps he was. But I was by a great effort I controlled my feelings, and restrained his rude gaze calmly and uniflinchingly.

He was a powerful personage, physically, and possessed, with every limb and muscle well-proportioned, with every limb and muscle well-developed. The forehead, too, was high and broad: but I did not altogether admire the phrenological developments of the shaved head. Still, there was a certain grandeur about the scalp lock, with the feathers, intended to adorn it, now settled with dust and mud, and otherwise disfigured. His nose were covered with a paint, like unto boiled around his nose; and this, with numerous, complicated lines which crossed in his left were stuck his tomahawk and scalping-knife—and there was all the weapons he had about him. With the exception of the feathers attached to his scalp-lock, and a couple of coarse, bone rings, dangling from his ears, he was devoid of any attempt at ornament—and there was nothing by which to distinguish him from his fellows as the chief of his tribe.

After grasping my arm in the manner related, and impudently threatening his face so close to mine that I was obliged to inhale his breath, while he black, snakey eyes fairly gleamed with what seemed a fiendish thirst for vengeance—and feeling I made no attempt to resist violence or resentment, and neither uttered a cry of pain nor showed signs of surprise or fear—he threw me violently from him, and, for that, to me, short moment, I fell heavily to the ground. Then turning to the Hermit—who was watching me with a look of commiseration—he made an exclamation in the Indian tongue, to which the other nodded in reply.

Young man, your presence of mind, and the restraint put upon your passions, under the most aggravating circumstances, have saved your life. When Kenneleo entered here, I trembled for your safety; for had you offered the least resistance, or exhibited the least sign of fear, he would have brained you on the spot. He now deems you a fit subject for the torture, to which he intends to devote you, on his return to Kaliwanondah, the Red Spirit, to appease his wrath for the signal failure of his expedition against the Pale-Faces."

"Is there no hope, then, that I may be allowed to live?" I inquired, in a tone of deep emotion.

"I have said that her age was apparently about eighteen, and that her appearance was so different from the others, as to lead, at first, to the glance, to the conclusion, that she was not one of their race—or, at all events, that her blood was not purely Indian; for she was delicately constructed, and tall, with a dark complexion, and black eyes and hair, with a slight countenance between her and others of the Wapecoolahs ceased. Her face, instead of being broad, flat, and round, was rather oval, with the regular outline of the American or European. Her nose, too, of a beautiful Grecian shape; and her chin was well rounded, giving her a straight and handsome profile.

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The interior was arranged about after the manner of Clara—while I, though innocent, was even more, perhaps, being denounced as a beautiful specimen of the white race. Such was the paths of rectitude and honor; and this reflection, at the moment, I keenly felt, inasmuch as I did not reputation more than my life. That my rival would everywhere proclaim me as a base, unprincipled, and perhaps cowardly villain, I felt to be certain; and I fairly groaned in spirit, as I thought of the unmerciful light in which he would not even be there to appeal.

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But who was she that had separated us? that strange, mysterious, beautiful, and childish—for such she appeared with such fluent ease and lofty dignity? Was she a native of the tribe, how had she acquired such a command of our language? and if of another race, how had she attained to such power over the barbarous Wapecoolahs?

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While occupied with these reflections and speculations, I had lightly touched my shoulder. I looked up, and Dundenah again stood before me.

life is become a burden rather than a pleasure—and the sooner I sleep in death the better. Nature, it is true, shrinks from death, even when the spirit longs for it—and nature doubly revolts at physical torture—but we must all pass the great bourne, in some way, sooner or later; and if this is to be my late, I will try to bear it with Christian fortitude and resignation, as a portion of the punishment due to my transgressions, and of which I have been guilty."

I was struck with the manner and language of my strange companion; and believing him sincerely repentant, I felt that, however great were his sins, they would be forgiven.

"God is above all, and knows the heart, generous stranger!" I said, seizing his hand; "and perchance He will yet look upon you with favor, and bless you in the hour of your dissolution. But tell me, have you anything of my fair companion?"

"Ha!" he said, starting—"is the lady that was with you—I hope no harm has befallen her?"

"Then you know nothing of her?"

"Nothing! I have not seen her since we parted on the night you were made captives. It was our intention to have carried her off."

"Yes; but immediately after we were separated by Dundenah; and for more than a week I have neither seen nor heard from her, and know not whether she is living or dead."

"Then you have been with your fair companion—you have been in her presence?"

"I have, many times—but she would give me no answer."

"This is strange!" returned Langee, musingly, and shaking his head, as one in doubt. "this is strange! Can it be that Kenneleo has accepted your word as sufficient security for your person," I said.

"He had seen me tried before," said Langee.

"And think you, after all this, he will destructively put you to death?"

"He may do so—for there is no calculating on the whims of an untutored savage."

"And does your word bind you not to escape now?" I inquired.

"I do not know that it does."

"Then were I in your place, I would avail myself of the first opportunity to get out of the clutches of such dangerous enemies."

"It is no easy matter to escape now," replied Langee, "even were I so inclined. Kenneleo, as I have already informed you, has become suspicious of me, and it would not surprise me to find myself ere long deprived of my liberty. But I will go," he paused, "and endeavor to learn something of the state of affairs among the savages with regard to both of us; and also learn, if I can, what has been done with your fair companion."

"Do," I said, "and let me see you at the earliest moment practicable—for I am in a state of anxious suspense."

The Hermit rose, and went to the door, where he spoke a few words with the Indian guard—and then returning to me, he said:

"I am going to the chief's lodge, and will soon return. Should any one enter, during my absence, you will be pleased to let me leave the Council House."

"Be assured I will," I replied.

"Could Dundenah have known from your manner that you loved the maiden?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly. But what could this have to do with our separation?"

"Nothing, perhaps, with your separation—though much, perchance, with what followed."

"I do not understand you."

"I will explain, when I next see more, ere I venture to tell you my conjectures—they may be erroneous."

"But what think you has been done with Clara?"

"I cannot say."

"You surely do not think any harm has befallen her?"

"I hope not."

"Hope not!" cried I. "Good Heavens! what mean you? Has even a vague suspicion of you who so well know Dundenah and the Wapecoolahs?"

"Well, I know nothing of this matter, and should be sorry to excite your fears unnecessarily. In truth, I rather think she got safe to the Council House, and was conducted to the lodge of the chief, where she was watching me with the deepest interest. Her eyes seemed to inform him that she wished to confide, and requested him to name the hour that it would suit him to hear her. At this the chief, with a look of the sardonical, and had fully engaged the priest's attention, bade him do his own bidding, and then made a deeply premeditated himself. The lady arose and gave him her hand, the fatal words were pronounced, the ring was attached, and she soon became the unwilling instrument of "marriage by proxy." But although the marriage ceremony became less painful to bear, and I rendered more tolerable, as in this manner is perfectly valid, it is punishable in Tuscany as a civil misdemeanor, and not that by the honorable Court of the Sanctities.

The officer was first confined in a military fortress, deprived of his sword, and dismissed the service, and then sent to explain his offence in a period of two years. He was brought to Count Edon's parades, as in every vision of poetic thought, the choice of peace and happiness in the midst of rural scenery.

Another incident of this kind occurred here recently, which, though not quite so sad in its relations to society, terminated in a manner equally painful to the parties concerned, and savage in the extreme. A young man, who had been married by proxy, with three presented himself to arrest the culprits. The other witness got out on upper balcony

Foreign Letter.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Educational Qualifications of the Laboring Classes—Their Means for Instruction—Mechanics' Institutes and Reading-Rooms.

The traveller who passes through a country, satisfied with seeing the beautiful landscape, the picturesque ruin, the elegant and venerable cathedral, or even the bustling city's crowded workshops and warehouses, sees but one side of the country he visits. He misses the more important inward view. Endeavoring to avoid this one-sidedness, and to learn something of the mental and moral life of the English, few things struck me more forcibly, than the disproportion between the intelligence, the learning of the common people, and the instrumentalities for the diffusion of knowledge among them. The season of the year in which I visited England, was unfavorable for a personal determination of the merit of methods of instruction employed, as most of the schools were vacated. I was not, however, prevented from determining, in some degree, the extent to which provision is made for the education of the poorer classes. As an native friend of all good causes in the common affairs of life, and to found it by further inquiry, that in the matter of public education, England was shamefully behind other countries; and that I should find little to learn except by contrast? While grandeurs and wealth are so sparingly provided, you will find in the town well advertised facilities for private instruction. Far more frequently than you see them are in our cities, you will notice as there are in our cities, you will notice as there are "boarding and day schools," "Select Seminary for Boys," "Select Seminary for Youth of both sexes, School for Infants, &c., &c. Doubtless at these academies may be obtained, varying very much in quality and very much in price. In the country villages these may have some better care, either because the schools themselves were rare, or because that spirit of the age which leads to signs in big red letters, and to mammoth advertisements, and to inordinate puffing, has not yet reached them. The humble country village house, with its well worn play ground, and its hacked trees, which form so agreeable part of country landscape at home, is not an equally prominent object in England. The great frequency of village schools make them less needed, if these were only well provided with schools; but as I have already said, I have met with an indication of their excellence. In the towns and cities, as far as I could learn, the schools were invariably private. The bright idea of *learning for all*, has struck the thinkers in the community, but it is still an abstract idea. It has not penetrated the masses very deeply. In many places you find schools, at very moderate charges, under the control of the Established Church, others under the control of dissenting denominations, still others governed by societies formed of members of all denominations. The only really free schools that I found were the so called "Ragged or Industrial Schools;" to one of these in Glasgow, I paid a visit, and came away with sadder thoughts than when I entered. I had spent a day or two in examining the external peculiarities of the city, the elegance of the private mansions, the magnitude and durability of its public buildings, and when I contrasted the manner with which the manifold everything pertaining to the physical, with such forethought for the future, and the insane improvidence with which they neglected the foundation upon which all this material superstructure must rest, I could only hope that their eyes might be opened, and speedily. Here I was in a city of more than four hundred thousand inhabitants, with crowds of beggars, ten times that they hungered for their daily bread, unconscious that they starved for the bread of life, while the sole provision for their moral wants consisted of a single school of two hundred scholars with four teachers. The ragged schools provide something more than books and teachers, they furnish food and meals. The pupils remain from morning till night, and have plenty of exercise, industrial and play. If there are any who have no homes to go to, lodgings are also found for them. The time is divided between study and work.

The girls, by needlework, make many articles that find a ready market, the proceeds going to the support of the school. The boys have little variety of occupation; the manufacture of pasteboard boxes seemed to be the only occupation in which they were engaged. There is a demand for those which supply the simple, but it is not a very profitable branch of industry. The instruction is quite elementary, confined at most entirely to reading, writing and arithmetic. As far as I had an opportunity of judging, I found it thorough. The difficulty which seemed to try the teacher's patience most, was to make the ragged South urchins give a correct English pronunciation. The Irish emigration of the pupils, and the persevering effort of the teacher to correct their brogue, was a very interesting exercise in accurate recall. In the girl's school, it witnessed a Scriptural lesson. The class exhibited the effects of attention and study. There also was reading, and their acquaintance with the text as well as their fluency in reading, evinced more industry or talent than the boys depicted. The principal teacher of the girl's school seemed admirably qualified for her position. A rigorous and thorough method of instruction she united the most affectionate and maternal manner. The good order of the pupils, the regard and love they showed towards her, gave evidence that she was not without her reward. The personal appearance of the pupils, in both departments, was better than I expected to find. The girls in particular showed a neatness and cleanliness, in strong contrast with the children of the same class that I met in the street.

The teachers require examinations of persons and as much testimony of past as is consistent with the circumstances of the children. I was assured that in many instances the happy effects were produced on the juvenile characters by the necessity for cleanliness in their habits.

Many separate cases of hopefulness had been radially cured. But it is not and to think that the single reading-light is allowed to stand unconfiding only to reveal the intense darkness around, and that it must depend upon the uncertain charity of individuals, and not upon the coffers of the state? As I returned to my lodging, I compared the city of my home, with its more than 30,000 children in schools free as air, as not granted as a charity, but as a right, with this Indian, richer city, and her ragged school, and that for paupers. Another interesting school that I was fortunate enough to visit was under the control of the Christian Brothers (Roman Catholic) of Dublin. There were about six hundred pupils in the institution, taught as I think, six teachers. Further instruction was obtained upon the monitorial system. There was an air of practicability about the whole concern that pleased me. Little remains seemed to be placed upon hooks or mere display. The walls were covered with representations of various objects in Nature and art, representations of machines, simple and complex, and of agricultural and mechanical implements, from the ordinary tender, with outline maps, neatly executed, were drawn by the pupils. The compositions and exercises peculiar to their religious faith were not wanting. Blackboards, that not only gave evidence of present use, but of past service, were generously supplied. A pretty good collection of philosophical and chemical apparatus was there, and I was told, was valuable frequent use. The only instruction seemed to partake of the same spirit. The efficiency of the school was suggested as the very strong drawbacks, an insufficient classification and the numerical system. Pupils of moderately different attainments were found in the same class.

By the monitorial system, they have the permanent injustice of one monitor teaches his own younger pupils. They have, unavoidably, but a constant hum-lively of noise among them—a drawn tension to the same room at once. Another one abstracted from the general noise of the room, this spot, disturbance, he found of a respectable degree of order, an order that would conquer favorably with the average of our public schools, but inferior to the best. The principal adopted the directions arising from having pupil teachers, but had not removed them sufficiently, the expense attending the employment of experienced teachers being an insurmountable obstacle. I understood no method of folding Peter to pay Paul, by employing monitors at half price. He thought education in the country not perhaps on the state of maturity, but because he thought London rate not qualified to teach boys. However much we smile at the gravity he in America, he doubted no reason for it. We had continued the conversation, and I should have had to reply to the same objection that the advocates of Woman's Rights in our country meet, when they claim a public profession. The Protestants of Dublin have schools of a similar character, but of a much inferior one at that time.

The Mechanics' Institutes, the schools and classes established by them, form a very important educational instrumentality in many parts of the United Kingdom. In many of the towns, evening schools are opened for instruction in the ordinary branches of an English education, and when sufficient patronage can be obtained, classes in various branches of science, in drawing and land engineering are superadded.

The expense varies very much in different parts of the country, but rarely exceeds seven or eight shillings for the winter, when no extra branch is studied. Beside the evening schools, in several of the populous towns, there are day schools at cheap rates established, under the auspices of the institutions, in which the range of studies is similar to that already given. The Mechanics' Institutes have also a narrower range of 'sociology, are established in quite small towns. They generally have a library, a reading room supplied with periodicals and newspapers, and support classes in one or more branches of popular science. These institutions are supported by the contributions of the public-spirited citizens of the place, and by the payments of the laboring men themselves. Their efficiency depends very much, of course, upon the character of the wealthy, as well as of the poor, in the communities where they are established. There are two in Liverpool very well conducted. In the one that I visited, I found a library of several thousand well selected, well kept, well used books, a good reading-room, supplied with papers, periodicals and works of reference. Here the mechanic has no pleasanter a place to spend his evenings as my gentleman's parlor. Very efficient classes, of the character already described, are maintained, and a course of lectures on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. I think the fee for all the above advantages is five shillings for the winter. Well conducted as they are, the two afford very insufficient accommodation for the population of a large city like Liverpool.

When I thought of the low rate of remuneration among the laboring classes, and the fact of a peculiarly high price of education, except in a few cases, I was surprised to find the extent to which the English so generally a reading people. It speaks well for a nation, that in spite of these obstacles, they are yet ready to appreciate it in point of learning. In third class cars, you do not, I do not, meet the intelligent, the well informed classes, but you see many whom you would think too poor to pay for their education; yet you see numbers occupied with them with their pence railway guides in hand, or ready to become, when they are not so occupied, readers. The only way that I can account for the fact that ignorance does not obtrude itself upon you, is, that the interior is so well become acquainted with the ignorant classes. They do not, as with us, intrude, and it is only to those few opportunities for making observations of this kind. He only who resides for some time in the country, can speak satisfactorily upon the educational condition of the people.

The cheapness of publications has helped for the food that only a reading public needs, cheap books. These you will find very abundant at all the railway stands. From the press of Mr. Chambers's, in Edinburgh, thousands of copies of good, printed works, are weekly issued, sometimes—quite as cheap, and of better appearance, than similar books with us. The day of cheap newspapers has not yet come, and may be worth even in the future. Yet the English are a newspaper reading people, especially in the less respect all nations but their kinsmen in America. But when newspapers cost, at the least, six cents per number, and the best, but a few hours issued at ten cents, large numbers of very respectable persons are debarred from becoming subscribers. Hence the frequency of their appearance at restaurants and coffee-houses.

With us the newspaper is a very fashionable thing at a restaurant, it only serves to pass away the time. In England, the coffee-house is less the principal, and a man takes a cup of coffee or a glass of ale, that he may see the news. An eating-house, of very modest pretensions, will soon be deserted, if it was without a copy of the "Times" and other morning papers. Many are supplied with four or five copies, for who can wait long for the all important Times? The time for reading was before the hour of breakfast established at "Penny Reading Rooms." In most of the large towns you will find one or more of them, where you may see a great variety of papers, from all parts of the Kingdom, and some from foreign countries, for a penny or penny, and all are at your disposal, if not already engaged. After the arrival of the London mail, you will see in all a copy of the N. Y. Herald, in many, a copy of the Tribune. In London, the Herald is the favorite of English readers, as it seemed a friendly fate among Americans. The most interesting fact connected with all these reading rooms was, that almost always found them full of quiet, attentive readers. Many of the rooms are open on Sunday

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 Sansom Street, Philada.,
Have Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 10th, Mr. Seward addressed the Senate. He said — On the 17th of April, 1850, what is called the Norwegian Convention was signed at Washington by Mr. Clayton, the then Secretary of State, and Sir Henry L. Bulwer, then Minister here from Great Britain. It appeared by the Senate Journal, that the Convention was submitted to the Senate on the 5th of May, 1850, and was then read in full. It remained, unacted upon, until the 4th of August, 1852, when it was ratified by the Senate, with amendments. The Convention, as originally framed, contained a stipulation that neither will ever occupy or maintain any dominion over any part of Central America. Nor will either make use of any protection which either may afford or may have afforded, or any alliance which either has, or may have, to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such dominion. Nor will either occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America. Nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such dominion. Nor will either contract any engagement with any State or people that may tend to the occupation, fortification, colonization, assumption or exercise of any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America. Nor will either use any alliance, connection or influence that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the interoceanic communication may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any right or advantage in regard to commerce or navigation through the same canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.

Besides these stipulations, the two Governments engage to invite every State with which either has friendly intercourse to enter into stipulations with them similar to those, which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other States may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to a work of such general importance as the interoceanic canal. Several amendments of a verbal character were proposed by the contracting parties likewise, now that each is clear of any entanglement with any other Central American States so they may deem advisable, for the purpose of removing all grounds of jealousy on the score of the Convention's validity, that of constructing the canal. Accordingly, a new convention was concluded between the two Governments, which was signed on the 19th of April, 1852, and came to the Senate for its action on the 20th of May.

Article 5. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not entered into the treaty with the view to accomplish a particular object, clearly expressed in the preamble of the treaty, hereby agree to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama, which are now established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama, in favor of the persons and property of citizens of the United States and Great Britain, and of any State which may become a party to those stipulations. The two Governments will enter into such negotiations with any State or States through whose territory any of those communications may pass, as may be necessary to the attainment of the above mentioned objects, whenever they shall be requested to do so by such State, and shall agree upon the terms of such protection.

Article 6. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not entered into the present convention with any exclusive intention as regards any State or power whatever, but with the sincere desire to accomplish a particular object, hereby agree to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to any practicable railway route through Honduras, in case at any time the Government of that country should be disposed to grant the facilities required for the same, on as favorable terms as are granted by the present convention to the canal by Nicaragua.

Article 7. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having in view the fact that the territory which belongs to Mosquito is a part of the State of Nicaragua, will not occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over, nor will either unite with any State or people in doing so, any part of the said territory. Nor will they avail themselves of any protection which may be offered, or any alliance which may be tendered, by any State or people for the purpose of erecting fortifications or maintaining any dominion over any part of the said territory, or of taking possession of, or occupying, or colonizing any part of it, but they will use their influence to induce the Government of Mosquito to enter into such treaties with Nicaragua as may secure to the Indians inhabiting that territory a just participation in the benefits resulting from the interoceanic communication.

Article 8. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain will not refuse to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of it the right of passing through the canal on terms of equality with the citizens or subjects of the Power establishing the same; nor will they grant to any party or parties, corporate or individual, any privileges in regard to the canal or the transit which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.

Article 9. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not entered into the present convention with any intention to disturb the relations subsisting between any State and its subjects or citizens, or between one State and the government of another, will not intervene in any way in the internal affairs of any State, unless with the consent of both parties, and in case either should hereafter find it necessary to take measures for the protection of the canal, or of the persons employed on it, or of property belonging to it, it is agreed that such measures shall cease to be operative so soon as the purpose for which they were taken shall have been accomplished.

Article 10. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not entered into the present convention with the view to secure to themselves any peculiar advantages which are not freely open to the subjects and citizens of other States, will use their influence with any State or States possessing or claiming to possess any authority or influence over the route of any canal which may be constructed under the provisions of this convention, to induce such State or States to grant the use of the canal on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of every nation which may be willing to accept it.

Article 11. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not entered into the present convention with any intention to confer any benefits upon existing companies which may have received encouragement from either, will not favor any such company with respect to the use of the canal more than the public at large. For example, they will not purchase any shares in any such company, with the view of obtaining for themselves any privileges which are not held by the general public. They will not invest money for the purpose of getting possession of any such privileges, nor will they accept any privileges which may be offered by any such company, which shall not be equally offered to the general public.

Article 12. The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not entered into the present convention with any view to the pecuniary profit of individuals or companies, but solely with the object of securing an open communication between the two oceans, for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all, and of promoting the interests of universal commerce, hereby invite every State which is desirous of promoting that object, to enter into similar stipulations with them. And they will readily lend their good offices to facilitate the completion of the canal, in case any difficulties should arise in regard to the settlement of the same, between the States through whose territory it may pass.

Article 13. The present convention shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and by her Britannic Majesty; and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Washington within six months from the date hereof, or sooner if possible.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the present convention, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at Washington, the 19th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1852.

(L. S.) JOHN M. CLAYTON.
(L. S.) HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

Mr. Seward proceeded to show that the object of the Convention was to secure the right of way to the Central American, but what assurance—that treaty was made in 1850, and the Senate did not act upon it until 1852, and then only after the Mosquito question had been settled in Hobbs's favor, of a 99-year lease and with the privilege of purchasing the fee simple at the end of that time. The Senate had not been informed whether the Mosquito question was settled or not, and he would like to know whether the Senate from Michigan (Mr. Cass) had received any information on the subject from the Secretary of State, or from the Minister to the Court of St. James. In short, precisely the same state of things existed now as existed when the Senate acted upon the treaty. Mr. Seward then referred to the case of Mr. Soulé, who, while would, as Minister to Spain, be required to demand the release of certain citizens lying now in that country, and who, if released, would be tried by Spanish courts and Mason, with secretary and consuls are hurried on board the British vessels of war, and carried off to the Bay of Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, and there tried by the laws of Great Britain in a foreign land, and by a jury composed of foreigners. Mr. Seward proceeded to show that the object of the Convention was to secure the right of way to the Central American, but what assurance—that treaty was made in 1850, and the Senate did not act upon it until 1852, and then only after the Mosquito question had been settled in Hobbs's favor, of a 99-year lease and with the privilege of purchasing the fee simple at the end of that time. The Senate had not been informed whether the Mosquito question was settled or not, and he would like to know whether the Senate from Michigan (Mr. Cass) had received any information on the subject from the Secretary of State, or from the Minister to the Court of St. James. In short, precisely the same state of things existed now as existed when the Senate acted upon the treaty. It was necessary to know that before the Senate could act upon the treaty. Mr. Seward then referred to the case of Mr. Soulé, who, while would, as Minister to Spain, be required to demand the release of certain citizens lying now in that country, and who, if released, would be tried by Spanish courts and Mason, with secretary and consuls are hurried on board the British vessels of war, and carried off to the Bay of Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, and there tried by the laws of Great Britain in a foreign land, and by a jury composed of foreigners.

On the 11th, the House resumed the consideration of the bill to amend the Judiciary Act.

Mr. Johnson, of Texas, said: The bill proposes to change the mode of appointing the clerks of the circuit courts of the United States. It proposes to take away the appointment of the clerks from the Circuit Court, and to confer it upon the Supreme Court. I am opposed to this change, because I think it is not necessary that the clerks should be appointed by the Judges of the Supreme Court. I am opposed to it, because I think it is not necessary that the clerks should be appointed by the Judges of the Supreme Court. I am opposed to it, because I think it is not necessary that the clerks should be appointed by the Judges of the Supreme Court. I am opposed to it, because I think it is not necessary that the clerks should be appointed by the Judges of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Cass said the Senator from New York had so lucidly explained the subject that he would not consume more time than that and understand the question. He would only say that he had not had an opportunity of examining the treaty since the new aspect had been given to it by the debate, and he did not understand it as intending to stop the existing negotiations with Great Britain, but rather as one that gentlemen who understand the treaty would be able to settle. He hoped that the matter would shortly come before the Senate, in some tangible shape, in which the Senator might inform England that if there be any doubt in the provisions of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty, that we will give notice of our intention to put an end to it.

Mr. Seward replied that he understood the treaty to be in force, and that it had surrendered no rights in British Honduras. He had not understood the Senator from Georgia to intend that treaty as sweeping from Britain from the whole coast. He had not understood it as intending to stop the existing negotiations, but rather as one that gentlemen who understood the treaty would be able to settle. He hoped that the matter would shortly come before the Senate, in some tangible shape, in which the Senator might inform England that if there be any doubt in the provisions of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty, that we will give notice of our intention to put an end to it.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CHANGED.

A STORY IN VERSE.

hey stood in their young beauty, where the shade
f lengthy pines a deeper twilight made,
girl, whose weeping eyes were downward bent,
youth, whose whispers love made eloquent:

nd as he watched her color come and go,
nd saw her tears half-coaxed, half-timid, flow,
nd knew he heart was his—all his—he told
ow lasteless and earth must change, ere he grow cold.

Left up those dearest eyes, and let me read
tale of promise in their light! No need
to hear the drooping head in answer shake—
says, maiden, and years of joy shall come to me!

' Mine own! mine own! it is a thought of pride
To know that once in all the world there shall
ast part with me in the affection—mine!
ear not, I know the human prize I've won.

Nay, love, I pray thee worry not! Must I swear?
hat I am even true as there set fire?
ame, daughter, sun, and heaven, up my fee,
at one mine more my earnest vows repeat.'

he heard him long in silence, and at last
he turned to him as if she meant to cast
er grief aside—"I need no vows," she said,
Love, such as mine, but no misgiving fear.

' feel all joy departs with thee: no eye
Will ever look upon me lovingly
Till thou return; the gentle hearts around are cold
Who would have greeted to one theme and once fold.

'Those eyes must all. It is a fearful thing
To leave all I love claim! I can but cling
To one, one only hope—that time may seize
Being change in thee, in my great heart despise!

' Surely thou wilt but smile when others scorn
Those eyes betrothed, the poor and lowly born,
Having their love a wealth of love was given
To thee, mine only friend this side of heaven.

' Go, now, while I am calm. Shall knowest where
We two shall meet again! Look in my present
Still assuring as thy heart. Can ask war,
Mine own beloved? That lamp there right and day!'

They parted; years rolled on before they stood
Once more together, in far other mood
Than when they met forever; at last he came,
They as of old: to all four her the same

To her, alas! to her those years had brought
A shameful change in respect and in thought.
There was a coldness in her eyes and air
That told of evermore possessed, long past care.

'There was a sadness meeting, yet it woke
No change in her pale face; and then she spoke
Of that last parting, where the tears were given,
As if her dream of love had never been.

And he who thought to hear but words of blame,
Laughed bitter and mocked her tearful grief:
'We meet be friends,' he cried, "for all the rest
Of that old time when we were young at least!'

He stopped; for as he spoke, a bitter smile
Passed o'er her lips; and o'er his thoughts, the while,
There came remembrance of her love and truth
Before his mistress had forgotten both.

' We never can be friends, for friends should feel
A sad sympathy," she said, "in woe or weal
That binds their hearts no time can e'er sever,
I shall be lonely all the long life through.

' There was a time when then and I were one
In hope, in thought, in love; it seemed that love
Ever loved with deeper earnestness of faith,
Defying change and sorrow, care and death.

' There was a time when at the lightest word
My pulse leaped wildly, and my heart was stirred,
By echoing the pressure of those eyes
Clearing in this wide world to their skies.

' Then at thy footstep how the red blood came
Flushing my cheek! how at rest very name
I trembled, lest a stranger's eye should see
How wildly my young spirit clung to thee!

' I blame thee not, for now my altered heart
Is cold, and I am changed as then art.
Nothing remained of that fond love of mine,
I have no part in joy or grief of thine.

' At times I weep to think such love could be,
And yet have passed away like dream for me;
To think that I can ever wish unchanged to be
On thee—to think! so I am passing on.

' At times there come old thoughts across my heart,
Shadows of joy I once knew again.
Come they to thee? Ah, not for more would I
weep

If those wild shadows came to haunt thy sleep.

' Surely then could we meet again, if ever to thee
Dark visions came as often come to me
I wonder at thee pressure, though I know
My heart is dead and cold to all below.

' I seem to hear again that blessed stream,
The name of the pure river like thy name,
That whose is in mine ear, whose is in mine eye.
That voice my waking and unbidden sigh.

' Yes! one by one, past hours of thine return;
I wake and weep, and then my heart wins scorn,
Feeling one hour o'er's own weakness and vows
Were better far than those sad, careless hours

' I do not blame thee now. I said the truth
My heart is cold and dead, my very youth
Is withered with its generous thoughts. Alas!
How change I am from all that once I was!

' At times I see a vision dark and strange—
A woman weeping that thy heart could change—
Loved in true love of the better days gone—
Home and world her empty prayer to be

' Oh, if that dreary vision ever is near,
Thy soul, even while unconscious of it, feel,
Then would it not smite as thou hast smitten today?
Ah! no; it would more heartless and dead than I!

' Stranger! strange how all are passed—like hope
and grief!
My love runs those coarse lines—one hour
Strange how I love the voice and breathe not
Even when on my pure cheek sitting!

' I deemed that grief would direct with me
But time rolled on, and sorrow went away,
And now we meet as strangers must, and
Just such as if that long past never

' We who were honored friends should barely nod
Us true apart, nor dreaming we could bear
All that we once have borne, and now are borne
Those meeting! Such as we are in truth

' How those who are to meet would hide it how
To meeting worse to meeting! Now
Me, me, who am so experienced, so old,

' Am unutterable! would weep
The same pure. Will in its honor of pain,
Rather than be the cause of one more wound
To grief so old by me! Not more to meet!

Selected Sketch.

FASHION.

FROM PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

A portrait of my grandmother hangs upon my parlor wall. It was taken at least sixty-five years since, and represents the venerable lady when I remember it in my childhood, in spectacles and comfy cap, as a young and blooming girl. She is sitting upon an old-fashioned sofa, by the side of a prim stand or table, and with her back to the open window. Her costume is quaint, but handsome. It consists of a tremendous-colored dress made high in the throat, ruffled around the neck, and over the bosom and the shoulders. The sleeve is just reached her shoulder, and the sleeves are tight, rather than scant of our coat sleeves, and also ruffled at the wrist. Around the plaited waist (for only such, which I remember as shirrelled and sudsee, and hidden under a decent one beneath) is tied, loosely, in the pertiere, a necklace of large ebony beads. There are two coats upon the falsehood, and the rest of the hair is seen in ringlets down her neck. The hands hold an open book, and I find you have from it with your finger, as though you had been upon window behind you see a quaint landscape—

A hill, a tree, the glimpse of a river, and a few beautiful romantic clouds. Often in my younger days, when my grandmother sat by the fire after dinner (not in theology, perhaps remembering the time when the picture was a portrait—I have curiously compared her wasted flair with the blooming beauty of the girl, and tried to detect the likeness. It was strange how the remembrance would sometimes agree, look at Rembrandt's self-taught, and lapse upon her old face, ago disappeared before my eager glance, to once more in the sunshine, revivaling the flowers of a former spring.

It was habitual of all to see my grandmother herself painstakingly the portrait. The story is told of old Sir Joshua, by the wit and dramatist, that when his brief day of popular homage was over, he called, in his decay, for the full-length portrait taken when he was in the fashion, and wrote under it "quantum mutatus ab illo!"

Alas! how changed from that! The tarring in the supersaturated sun altered her seems hardly genuine, and like every thing those men did, has a slight theatrical air. But it was touching to see my grandmother steal quietly up to her portrait, on still summer mornings when every one had left the house, and I, the only child, played, disregarded, and look at it intently and long. She held her hand over her eyes to shade them from the light that streamed in at the window, and I have seen her stand at least a quarter-of-an-hour gazing steadfastly at the picture. She said nothing, she made no motion, she aked no tear, but when she turned away there was always a pensive sweetness in her face that made it look more lovely than the face of her youth.

I have learned since why her thoughts went here and there,—how that long, wistful glance annihilated time and space, how forms and faces unknown to any other, rose in sudden resurrection around her,—how she loved, suffered, struggled and conquered again; how many a year that I shall never hear, how many a game that I shall never play, how many a song that I shall never sing, were all renewed and remembered as my grandmother contemplated her picture.

My own thoughts were of a very different character. I, too, used to stand and gaze, and wonder what it was to be young, why it made my old friend look unlike any young person I had ever seen. Had I been the likeness of Queen Aspasia, I said to myself, when I began to study Greek, it would not be surprising that it did not resemble my cousin Randy, but why Mandy's grandmother less than seventy years ago should look like no girl I ever saw, was a great mystery to me. It was none the less so when Smith lent me he his father's house to see the "family portraits." Among these there were pictures of the same strange young women, and I racked my fancy again, to discover why they were so different from our young women. Smith suddenly explained the whole mystery.

"What an odd, old-fashioned style of dress," said Smith.

It was a very obvious remark, and so was the fact of gratification very obvious before the apple hit Newton on the nose. I looked at my grandmother's picture with new eyes,—it was the style of the "Light-Guard," or that of Darven's Regiment." I trembled to think how much prestige he would acquire for me. The hoop-petticoat and the polished armor began to seem to me the best part of Marshal Turenne. And as I pondered on the portraits of the beautiful ladies of the Court, they seemed to me only pink, starch, and scruple. Even the Elizabethan towers upon the head? How gladly my fancy cast them down and rested contentedly in the cone, comely, Grecian-like cap of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Who makes the fashion then, since so much depends upon it? That is a question which I cannot get answered. Why ladies will persist in have their theories about it. Flamingo, in his lofty way, says that every fashion has a profound significance, and that if you could really see the reasons of things as you walk down Broadway, you would judge by the human attire nine manner the glittering varieties of costume—in fact, he says, you would dwell a drop of the heavy of wisdom from every flower of ugly that blossom in that gay parterre.

"Exactly," I say to Flamingo, "but you miss the point. Here comes my cousin Maude in her new suit of furs. She follows the fashion which, like water, pursues her small traffic. You see she can scarcely squeeze those darling hands into that muff, which is much larger than a good-sized cuff. Now what, pray, is the "profound significance" of that absurdity of my cousin Maude's?

"Well," says Flamingo, "I suppose the ugly side one's of giving a muff is a chance to keep the hands warm. The size is a matter of convenience."

"Not at all: it is a matter of whim, or of fashion, which only concerns the form, and has nothing to do with the exercise. Last winter Maude carried a muff as large as a bandbox, and to-day under she will wear thread-gloves, if it be the fashion."

And it is the truth. Flamingo can never get an answer to his profound philosophy, and I think this, that people imitate the dress of one whom they acknowledge as a leader, just as they fall into the handwriting, and colloquium the rhetorical style of certain persons whom they admire. Fashion is a word that comprises all this.

Poetical young men turn down their collars and dress gin and water because Childe Harold and Manfred did it." Sentimental girls adopt its genius reverence. Your tailor pads and puffs and wrinkles according to the type of the manly form. The individual tailor knows nothing of this principle, but nevertheless, that is the reason why the pigeon-breasted waistcoats and the stiffest coats which he makes. Fine tailoring produces the coats which are says Flamingo. It tries to take a man as handsome as a statue.

But then I confess, another tailor seeing himself—as in a picture than the painter means. I will not deny that it is often truly so, and that there is beauty in a well, natural dress. But soon, and even more and different beauty than was intended. Yet I will trust to the taste of the tailor the fashion? because I cannot believe that there is any very profound reason for my brown hat and straight skirt which, when they lapped a little over the foot a year ago, had for their object the concealment of the fact that the skirts of my street-coat must not hang to the rather of my legs, when last autumn they scarcely fell below my knees. I could rather my cousin Maude to remove one to this morning in the form of a muff, than my mother's portrait." Yet it is much more simple and picturesque than anything Maude will wear. Yet why should she not? Why do I not? Why do not all the ladies? Why do not I? And when, then, have such changes been made? Is it a question of taste in general and picturesque, and to put on fashion very gracious and chance can happen? The other day the Lord Mayor of London lent the little fish who came to take me to Carey Street, and I was delighted to see that he wore a coat three of laughter from young and old. You may laugh," said Ariel Jones, smiling at me when I heard children after my marriage, "but I assure you it was the only way to speak of the dress. I had to go to the ball, and the chapel was full of all kinds of indifference of it." When the little people came in, I knew that Ariel Jane, she did not dare to keep the bottom one are sending to laugh at them as they went in, and I was obliged to smile at them as you do at my bridal hat in church." You see we Have in Canada Parliament, and I was obliged to go to the opening of it. I am sure there Broadway beauty, or the Boston's hall to laugh, in the room your father never saw it. You see, I was obliged to go, and the tappets upon the waist, or should you even wear the waistcoat with the tappets behind?

Now in the last case the dressmaker, but having a young man, I certainly say, no. Or a Grand Fop, who is hired of no more than to be wanted to accept her latest, would be so likely to array himself in a green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, laced with silk, or a long blue coat from salt," or "a last-dress suit of cut velvet, laced with satin," or even a "pair of knee-breeches, and another pair of a blouse, to dare? Yet Oliver Goldsmith dressed all this poor to win the smiles of the fascinating Bride. And, cousin Maude the Jessamy Bride foiled to be wooed by any but to love and respect his good sense of heart." His thought less of the raiment than the true human heart it covered, and which he, who, in his vividness and thankless way, had loved and honored her, lay dead in her military room, the Jessamy Bride carried from his coffin a look of the poet's her.

Now, why would not Cinder Fay wear what Oliver Goldsmith wore? Because he and only, because he was the fashion. And why shouldn't it be the fashion to wear blouse-colored breeches now? Is it, after all, more than a whim? Has fashion any deeper foundation than the love of change? I find myself in October giving away all the crawin I bought in June. They are quite as handsome as then, and would be equally available for the next season. But I have done with them. I am tired of them. My younger brother, Hal, may wear them, but I would rather go through next summer in a black silk clothes, than use the ties I liked so much this season. I doubt if you can make more of it than I can.

This seems very ridiculous. Are we mere puppets while this magician Fashion moves at will? Are we lay-figures dressed by this capricious Fairy? "I will not submit," cried I, "to be unmade. Fashion may bewitch me as good as my gray trousers. I will be bold, I will be free, I will be—"

"Ready, my lady, if you dare," said Claude Fay, who heard me.

And was he not right again? Is it not easier to stretch the cloth of Tartar, than to wear a high black-satin stock? Yet that was the top of fashion when the first gentleman in Europe wore it. Show me a man bold enough to be out of fashion, not for a freak, or a bet, or for an accession, but, if you please, for a principle, and I will honor him as one of the cardinal virtues, and addressing a woman as if he were Solomon's wife, and wainscots in the fashion. We are averse to having our wives and daughters—how much rather our mothers!—say—"oh! that will be old-fashioned." Nothing more completely describes a man or woman than their dress. "He is an old-fashioned gentleman," is to evoke a grave and courtly figure in the mind, with an ample bulk of ruffle and ruffles and cane, and a head of hair like the snow